

i'm gonna pick up the pieces (and build a lego house)
by daisydirtbag

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Summary:

Will has a nightmare. Mike comes to comfort him.

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Author's Note:

guys....the stranger things s2 trailer was so amazing i can't wait to see all the new byler moments. this fic was specifically inspired by the little clip of will and mike sitting on will's bed. this is for all my followers over on @wifhrds on twitter specifically claire and paityn, i hope u guys like it!!

Darkness. Will opened his eyes and was met with nothing but inky black darkness. He tried to move but his body wouldn't cooperate. A flash of lightening. Temporary illumination, lighting up the darkness and revealing Hawkins, only different. Will caught sight of a towering creature, stories above the surrounding buildings, before he was engulfed in the darkness again. He tried to scream, but it caught in his throat.

Will jolted awake, shooting up in bed, chest heaving as he gasped for air. A dream. It had been a dream, he tells himself over and over. The towering monster was not real, it was in his head and he was safe at home, his mother sleeping in the next room. He repeated this in his head, trying to stop his hands from shaking and calm his racing heart. He was safe. Except, he didn't feel safe. He felt the darkness crushing him, could still smell the lingering foul smell of the Upside Down. Without thinking about what he was doing, he threw his feet over the side of the bed and stood up, knees weak beneath him. He walked on shaky legs to his closet and threw the door open, half expecting a monster on the other side (he was much too old for such silly thoughts, he tried to tell himself.) He reached for his two way radio, hesitating for just a moment before wrapping his fingers around it and taking it back to his bed.

He switched the radio on, tuning into the channel he knew Mike's radio would be on with easy familiarity. They had communicated via radio many times before, staying up way past their bedtimes planning campaigns. Sometimes Will would just listen to the other boy talk until it lulled him into an easy, dreamless sleep. Will glanced at the clock, the numbers flashing 1:38AM back at him. He wasn't even sure

Mike would be awake, but with the remnants of his nightmare still lingering around the edges of his conscious mind, Will knew he needed to at least try. The radio static crackled, breaking the calm quiet of the fall night (a direct contrast to the tumultuous feelings swelling within Will's mind.) Will steeled himself, and spoke as clearly as he could without waking his sleeping mother or brother. "Mike? Mike are you there?"

Silence. Will tried again. "Mike? It's me, Will." He felt slightly foolish after that; Mike of course would know it was Will. Will was once again met with only the buzzing of dead air, and figuring that Mike was asleep he crawled back into bed. Will felt tired, exhausted both emotionally and physically, but was unable to sleep. Every time he closed his eyes he saw Hawkins as it shouldn't be, brimming with monsters and covered in darkness. So engrossed was he in these mental images the sound of the radio crackling to life made him jump. Immediately his mind raced with different scenarios, each more terrifying than the last. All these thoughts instantly left his head when he heard Mike's voice coming from the two way.

"Will, are you still there?"

Will scrambled for the radio, wanting to answer Mike while he was still on the line. "Yeah," he said, "I'm still here." Even with a mile between the two boys, Mike was still able to calm Will down and make his heart less heavy. Will wondered if Mike knew he had this affect on him.

"Is everything okay, Will?" Mike asked, the boy's worry being carried over the two way. Will considered this for a moment. Was he okay? His nightmare seemed like a distant memory at this point, but he still felt the beginnings of a panic attack clawing at him. Truthfully, Will didn't think he would ever be okay again. Mike made him feel pretty close to it, though.

"I'm—" he started, stopped, collected his thoughts and tried again. "I had a nightmare. I needed someone to talk to." Will's voice sounded small and weak to his ears, and he hated it. He was sure someone braver than him (someone like Eleven, his mind supplied) wouldn't have to call their best friend up in the middle of the night, voice shaking from fear and a need to be comforted. When Mike replied, it

was with a soft voice, not weak like Will's own, but full of confidence and care.

"I'll be over in ten minutes."

Will knew there was no point in arguing; Mike had probably already tossed his two way under his bed and was throwing on clothes so he could ride his bike over to the the Byers house. Will simply opened his window (trying hard not to think of the creatures that could now crawl in with ease) so Mike could sneak in his room without waking Joyce. Though he wouldn't tell anyone else this, it made him feel special and loved that Mike was willing to drop everything in a moments notice to come keep him company, even at 2 o'clock in the morning. Briefly, Will thought he didn't deserve it.

When Mike crawled through his window exactly 7 minutes later, he did not question why Will had called him instead of waking Jonathan, or tell him he was being ridiculous and to grow up. Wordlessly, Mike took in Will's appearance—too big pajamas, hand me downs from Jonathan, covered in sweat, hair plastered to his forehead from it, hands wringing together nervously and scared eyes searching Mike's own—and moved to sit beside him on the bed. The bed dipped under Mike's weight and Will felt himself leaning towards the other boy, drawn to his heat and security. They stare at each other, neither saying a word, neither needing too, as Mike runs a gentle hand through Will's hair. Will's eye's close and suddenly the world doesn't seem so cold and dark and scary, the light of his bedside lamp and the heat of Mike's hands driving all the monsters away. Mike leans in and places a gentle, timid kiss to the crown of Will's head, whispering into his hair.

"I'm here now, it's all going to be okay."

And as Mike pulls Will down so they're laying facing each other in Will's tiny twin bed, for once in his life Will feels like things might actually be okay. Mike closes his eyes and Will follows suit, not seeing but feeling Mike's hand when it comes to rest against his cheek, a protective ward against whatever lurks inside Will's mind. Will falls asleep following the gentle patterns of Mike's breathing, a hand resting on the boy's chest to feel the gentle rise and fall of his chest and the soft thump of his heartbeat. This time, Will doesn't

dream of monsters or darkness or crushing silence. He dreams of Mike, of sunny summer days and holding hands a kiss behind the oak tree in Will's backyard. These are things, Will realizes when he awakes to find Mike still curled around him, he would willingly fight monsters for.